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THE  
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# THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

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VOL. VI.

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## Visions of Beauty.

BY HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

WHY was it given to me  
Beauty in all things to see?  
My brother, my sister, my friend  
May go to the world's end,  
And their travels not be so fruitless  
With sights of heavenly beauty,  
As my walk day by day  
Along the familiar way,  
Up and down to my work;  
For the visions, the visions that lurk  
In the human faces I meet,  
In the trees that shelter the street,  
In the sun and the sky over all,  
In the rains and the snows that fall,  
In the promise or presage that peers  
In every change of the year's,  
But fairest and rarest to me  
In the human faces I see!



### EMILY DICKINSON.

**D**AST year the first volume of Miss Emily Dickinson's poems flashed before the public like a meteor. To all but a cluster of friends around Amherst, the question "who is Miss Dickinson?" was unanswerable. Now many have read her unique poems and are glad to learn of her gentle, beautiful life. As Mr. Higginson said in the preface to the first volume, "Such verse must inevitably forfeit whatever advantage lies in the discipline of public criticism and the enforced conformity to accepted ways," and "when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence."

One cannot criticise, he can only hold his breath and read, thankful that such sweet, grand thoughts have been allowed to be so quaintly and forcibly expressed, and that we are allowed to enjoy them.

We have no *desire* to criticise and it would seem as much out of place as to question the work of the Great Architect in building the irregular outline of the mountains.

Miss Dickinson gave all her poems to her only sister and from the dedication in Vol. 1,

"This is my message to the world  
That never wrote to me,"

It seems as if she looked forward to the possibility of their publication after her death, although during her life she shrank from allowing her inner thoughts thus to come before the public, as she shrank from appearing there herself.

To Miss Lavinia Dickinson we are indebted for the very great pleasure of sharing the treasures. No bit of her sister's own writing has ever been allowed to be desecrated by the printers. All belonging to her has been guarded with most tender and reverential care. The papers have been copied and thus sent to the press. The proof reading has been a great task, for the printers insisted on using conventional forms to clothe thoughts which would lose their greatest charm if expressed by ordinary words and phrases.

Mrs. J. G. Holland was a personal friend of Miss Dickinson, and one of the few who not only saw her often but who knew her intimately. We are indebted to her for most of these reminiscences and also for her kind permission to publish the following letter sent her on the occasion of her daughter's marriage, soon after Dr. Holland's death. This has never been given to the public before:

*Sweet Sister:*

We were much relieved to know that the dear event had occurred. I feared much for the parting to you to whom parting has come so



thickly in the last few days. I knew all would be beautiful, and rejoice it was so.

Few daughters have the Immortality of a Father for a bridal gift. Could there be one more costly!

As we have never ceased to think of you, we will more tenderly now. Confide our happiness to Annie in her happiness.

We hope the unknown Balm may ease the Balm withdrawn. You and Katie, the little Sisters, lose her yet obtain her, for each new width of love largens all the rest.

Mother and Vinnie think and speak, Vinnie hopes to write. Would that Mother could—but the poor hand is idle.

Shall I return to you your last and sweetest word—"But I love you all."

EMILY.

She was very fond of Mrs. Browning, whom she is said to have resembled, and spoke of her as one would of a personal friend. Toward George Eliot she had a very different feeling. She said it seemed as if every sentence of hers "had been held up before God and prayed over!" She was very domestic as all will remember who ever tasted her delicious bread and delicate cake. She was in every way a model housekeeper. In fact everything she did at all was done perfectly. She was very fond of her plants and attended them with great care. She was always busy, and writing was only her recreation, yet she left over 12,000 manuscripts. Her hair was auburn and her eyes a soft brown. She always dressed in light colors, often in white, even in winter, and a delicate little round blue cape tied at the throat with a silk cord always hung gracefully over her slender shoulders, even at the large annual receptions given by her father. She never felt entirely happy at these gatherings unless her friend, "the little Sister," would promise to "receive" with them. Often when unable to meet visitors whom she cared for she would send into the parlor some of her own delicious cake, and a dainty remembrance like a single flower of red geranium, with a buttercup and spray of delicate grass, accompanied occasionally by such a little poem as that beginning "I hide myself within my flowers." We cannot copy many of her poems but this is so characteristic we cannot leave it out.

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They'd banish us you know.

How dreary to be somebody?  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

Could any friend desire sweeter expression of love than this?

"Alter? When the hills do;  
Falter? When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the only one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil  
Doth of the dew;  
Even as herself, O friend!  
I will of you!"

No fitter ending to these few reminiscences can be found than these words of hers, particularly the last two lines:

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;  
I keep it staying at home.  
With a bobolink for a chorister  
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice!  
I just wear my wings,  
And instead of tolling the bell for church,  
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches—a noted clergyman,  
And the sermon is never long,  
So instead of going to Heaven *at last*,  
*I'm going all along!*

And no one doubted who knew that beautiful life.

J. H. S.





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### "TONGUES IN THE TREES."

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BY the side of a limped stream which winds its way from a blue mountain lake through wooded marshlands to the north, there once stood four beautiful trees, an oak, a beech, a dogwood and a maple. No inhabitants of the forest whispered more happily to the breeze nor bowed their green heads with more stately grace at the blue sky than this group by the water's edge. All day long they exchanged murmurous caresses and low-toned chatter, their boughs interlocked like brothers' arms and foliage mingled like blended tresses of sisters' hair. But more than they loved each other did they love the sky which they had hoped to reach in the vigor of their early growth, but which they had learned to watch and worship in their steadfast maturity. Even on calm nights, they seemed to quiver into inarticulate music, with such prayerful emotion they gazed at the shining lights in the dark vault of heaven; and, though the wind was silent, so sensitive were they to every breath of nature that they swayed to the same distant currents of air that moved the clouds above. Whether summer clothed their branches with a thick shade of green, or autumn tore the last clinging leaf from its parent stem, or winter laid the burden of its snows on their naked limbs, they were never known to groan beneath the blast nor sigh complainingly in the breeze. With a gentle acquiescence of nodding tops or sonorous clash of arms, like soldiers obedient to the call to battle, they yielded to the commanding voice of wind or gale.

One day, however, when the fall winds had sunk into silence, the four trees stood motionless by the water's edge. A mist lay over the autumn coloring of the landscape, like the dreamy expression that often hides the sparkle in a young girl's eye. On the bosom of the lake, it rested a sheeny vapor, as if the hills as they gazed into this mirror at their feet had dimmed its brightness with their slumberous breath. The sky was clear, yet the clouds seemed there, their fleecy whiteness suffused into a vague expanse of silvery haze, like souls lost in the calm of the eternal spirit. There was no murmur in the reeds that lined the lowland creek with whistling sound, nor quiver in the pine needles that hung from resinous boughs on the steep mountain side. In almost breathless quietude the four trees gazed down into the glassy stream beneath, from which as from a silver mirror looked back an ethereal image of each. There the oak saw the bronze and purple of his hues reflected by the side of the golden glory of the beech, and the dogwood admired the red

of his tapering leaves like down shooting tongues of flame against the yellow background of his tall neighbor. The maple noted, too, with what charming confusion her color in soft flushes of pink or spots of maidenly red against her pale skin blushed back at her from below. Each found it pleasant to observe his own particular grace. It seemed as if they began to dream, with such soft lustre their reflected selves gleamed back from the watery depths, like the vague yet vivid splendor of a vision. What mystic intensity of glow, what chastened fervor of tint, the cool stream caught from the autumnal shades. The crimsons and ambers and purples of cathedral towers shone there. It was as if dim vistas and the smoke of censer lead the way to the pure radiance of this aerial splendor.

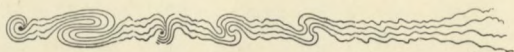
"Ah," thought the oak who flung out one withered arm among his leafy boughs, "even old age is beautiful in the stream," and he watched the reflected fall of a shriveled leaf which cut its slow path through the brook with the curling grace of a brown lock clipped from a youthful head.

The beech fell into a charmed reverie; he imagined himself living in the cool embrace of the stream, the billowy softness of the clouds floating among his boughs as he had seen them do on the bosom of the lake. The fascination of this silent mood grew upon the four as they dropped their gaze toward the creek. The day cast upon them his mesmeric eye, whose glittering depths shot soft sparkles and drowsy rays of light and they fell spellbound under the gaze. In pulseless ecstasy the leaves drank in the sleepy air. The memory of their tossing boughs became hateful to them. A wind-vexed lake, a wave-ruffled stream, the face of heaven flurried by scudding clouds, how vexatious the recollection seemed. The weariness of stormy nights came back in thought and they hugged their easeful repose till it glowed warm within them. Through the network of their leaves, the sunlight fell on withered stalks and russet decay without flicker of shadow or beam, as if the leafy boughs were the sieve of a vestal virgin motionless in prayer.

The dying day found the four trees still gazing in blissful calm at the ethereal loveliness in the stream. Only the dogwood noticed a change, a tremulous shimmer, now and then, as if his gaze dropped through a veil of tears that came and went and blurred his vision. Then followed with soft rush, like the sweeps of a wave over sand, the melting of one shade into another with its quick backward surge. A leaf-covered arm shifted into vague shapelessness and back into outline again. And, at last, there came a clash of colors and of foam, as when plant and branch and flowering shrub are cast in-



to the witch's cauldron and lose themselves in the streaked liquid. The trees felt an anguished movement stir their leaves. The evening breeze had come. In the stream below, where once the airy beauty of autumn tints had glowed, they now saw only the opaque blue of rippling waves. And through their limbs, which but a moment before enjoyed the subtle languor of repose, there crept with prickling torturous advance the awakening force of the west wind. Its freshening impulse came like distressing memories after sleep, with a first faint swell, then a rush, a plunge, a sweeping devastation. In a moment the growing violence grasped the tree tops and shook the numbness out; it caught every torpid leaf and whirled it into murmuring life. It lashed the listless branches till they writhed in ceaseless swing. It drove black clouds into the sky. It almost seemed as if it shoved the sun behind the hills and brushed the pale stars into a glow, with such strong breath it swept through earth and heaven and brought the darkness out. "Oh," thought the trees as they groaned and creaked beneath the blast, "that we might have lived in eternal rest like our pictures in the stream," and the hoarse clatter of their leaves, the noise of struggling boughs betrayed their first rebellion. But the west wind still tossed their limbs in wild unrest until their early discontent became a frenzied wrath. They fought no longer for the peace and calm of old; the moan of clashing boughs grew into the music of a mad consent. They saw the hurrying clouds, the tumbling waters of the lake, the dusky pines like clouds of incense smoke, the white foam glistening when the moonlight glanced. A new exhilaration seemed to lift their boughs with supplicating gestures toward the stars. As they gazed at those shining lights whose steady beams appeared between the flying clouds, they felt thrill through every tossing branch a song of harmony and worship which their motionless arms had never played. The sieve of the vestal virgin had become a harp of melodious utterances.



### THE INVINCIBLE TRIO.

NANNIE M. WANT, K. A. O., '91.

**I**NTELLECT, will, conscience—three powers, three elements in personality, the exercise of which if not perverted, will result in strong character and true success. They constitute the essential elements of greatness. They are the possessions of every human soul. Hence every man has within him the possibilities of success, the realization of which is found in the symmetrical development of these God-given powers. They are mutually dependent. Each without the aid of the others falls far short of its highest usefulness. Indeed it may become a curse. When properly cultivated and educated, they form a sisterhood whose magic power is more potent than the fates, and more terrible to the slothful and unprogressive than the furies.

We do not use these terms strictly in accordance with their technical meaning. By intellect we mean the power to think and reason; by will, the push, the pluck, the unconquerable tenacious purpose; in a word—*grit*; by conscience, that better part of man, which impels his intellect along the lines of truth and right, the watchman that stands guard over the thoughts and actions.

Thought is the power that moves the universe. The material world is God's thought objectified. All problems of *church* and *state* are first solved in the human intelligence. All are but the demonstrations of thoughts previously conceived. Every invention is a monument of human genius. Fulton thought, and a steamboat was mirrored in the waters of the Hudson. Franklin thought, and the lightning was chained and made the servant of man. Morse thought, and the country was threaded with communicative wires over which thought is borne on electric wing. Cyrus W. Field thought, two worlds were bound together, and through the magnetic pulse each feels the heart-beats of the other. In the rough unpolished stone, the artist sees the grace and beauty of an angel form. The judgement dictates, the will commands, the hand executes, and from the unpolished slab there comes the marble statue of ideal beauty. The magnificent cathedral with dome and spire, is a completed structure in the mind of the architect before the foundation is laid. Every invention of the nineteenth century, every work of art executed in the past, every painting that graces the halls of king or peasant is but the portrayal of human thought. The shelves of public and private libraries are crowded with the



crystalized thoughts of centuries. How wonderful is the human mind! Yet thought, without a will to execute its plans, without courage to publish its decisions, must die within the intelligence whence it originated. Had not the Northern conscience the boldness to express its convictions and the courage to defend its principles with the blood of its best, human slavery would still curse this fair land of ours.

A fixed purpose, directed by a strong will, becomes the plodding, persistent, untiring tenacity that knows not how to let loose or turn back. It is the last heat that wins the race; the last charge that captures the enemy; the last mental struggle that solves the difficult problem.

We have seen the conflict of mental grit in the heated debate, such as that between Webster and Calhoun. Each believing he was right entered the debate with his whole soul. Reason arrayed itself against reason, intellect against pure intellect, soul against soul. We behold a struggle of mighty intellects. They feel the tension, the strain; defeat is like death. That was a pitched battle of intellects and he of the keener won. On the field of battle grit is in the front ranks. It dares rush into the cannon's mouth to vindicate the right. In youth, it says *no* to all those pleasures that lead to vice and immorality, and with such emphasis that those temptations are forever crushed. Men of determination and purpose rise from the humblest walks of life to rule in palaces, themselves to be rulers and command the men who are content to remain in servitude.

But these are not the only forms in which *will* and *intellect* present themselves. There is other than moral grit. There is intellect that does not tend to elevate and purify. A strong purpose and a keen intellect have rendered renowned both a Martin Luther and a Voltaire, a William Taylor and a Herbert Spencer. An unbridled will made the savage hordes that swept over Europe from the north more savage. A stubborn will sustained the gladiator in the bloody contests of the arena. It enables martyrs and felons alike to meet death composedly. Without intelligence, a strong will brings upon men all kinds of calamity; without virtue, it makes them slaves to their passions. John Brown's will, controlled by a wild enthusiasm, sent him to the gallows. At the same time, the ball of emancipation was set rolling with such a momentum that it never stopped until it had swept before it the last barrier that stood between the negro in America and *liberty*; and the stars and stripes wave over not only a united North and South, but a *free* North and South.

Intellect without guidance of conscience makes men heartless, atheistic, infidels. Determination and keenness of foresight made Alexander the Great master of the Orient. Coming into power when a mere youth, he brought order out of confusion in his own kingdom of Macedon; subdued and combined the turbulent forces of Hellas, and so imbued his soldiers with his own indomitable will and resistless energy that the mighty and gorgeous hosts of Asia melted away before them like snow before a scorching sun. This man was great, but not truly so. He did much for humanity, much for the advancement of civilization. Indeed, to my mind,\* he played a necessary part in the divine economy; but, lacking virtue, he died a miserable failure, a victim to his own lusts and passions. A strong will and a shrewd intellect made Napoleon emperor of France. A selfish *ambition* made him an exile on St. Helena.

The highest success possible to man is the perfection of his own character. Intellect, will, conscience, rightly combined and cultivated, make the perfect character. Ability and opportunity are the only conditions. The ability is found in the natural endowments of the human soul; the opportunity in the environments. Any and all circumstances may be made to serve the soul in the cultivation of its powers. Pleasant and agreeable circumstances are not necessary. Indeed they often become a snare and prevent the individual from realizing his own powers, or attaining to his highest possibilities. Adversity is the school where strong character is formed. Failure in any undertaking often urges to greater effort. Difficulties overcome by continuous application make the conquerer the more invincible. The rising tide reaches its highest level by alternately advancing and retreating. The summit of a lofty mountain is not reached by a single bound; nor do men attain the heights of honor without continuous labor.

Hardships strengthen the character as storms do the oak. Failure, disappointment, temptation, vexation, poverty, if met in the right way, are an inestimable good. They give such discipline and add such elements of character as can be obtained from no other source. They rouse the latent powers and reveal the true metal of the man. It has been well said, "He who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew himself of his own virtue." The man who does not want to face the storms and battles of life is a coward. The woman who wants to be shielded from every disappointment and trial, lacks the elements of true womanhood. The monk and nun, shut out from the cyclonic elements of the world, do not present the best and grandest types of character. The man who meets, battles with



and conquers many difficulties is the hero. The woman who, in the midst of tribulation, disappointment and sorrow, sheds sunshine and blessing on her way, is the heroine. A clear head, a strong will and a pure heart will overcome and rise above adverse circumstances. This is the *trio* that cannot be conquered.

Every man has within him the germs of success. Around him are placed ample means of cultivation. We have for our instruction the thoughts and labors of the past boiled down and crystalized. We have for our guidance the good and great of all ages. We have for our models, the architecture, the sculpture and the paintings of the centuries. Let us improve our opportunities; learn all we can by application and observation; cultivate a spirit of energy, push, grit, and over these place an enlightened and unyielding conscience, and our lives will be successful, however small our field of action.



## AN IDYL.

## I.

THE fraternity meeting had adjourned, and the breaking up, preparatory to going home had begun. But it was early yet and the girls were loath to part; the influence of the fraternity talk held for part of that evening was over them and drew them even closer to each other. There is a difference in fraternity meetings; this was one of the ones in which the world is left out, outside things are forgotten, and the hearts that beat with true Theta love and loyalty become one. Several of the girls were gathered around the piano singing rollicking songs as they stood with their arms around each other, but on a sofa a little separate from the rest sat two of the girls. They were not talking much, only resting in that unexplainable happiness which is found in the presence of one's best friend. The firelight shone on them and as ever and anon the flames found some unburnt log, they revealed the face of the elder girl—a face beautiful in its purity and strength, the dark hair brushed straight back from a forehead of peculiar height and whiteness. The eyes had a deep restful look and bespoke a soul untainted and unmarred by the atmosphere of earth.

She was the admired and revered friend of the seniors and the idol of the younger girls. In her scarlet wrapper, her white hands folded in her lap and the firelight playing on her hair, she looked like a picture painted by some old master in the long ago. The younger girl slipped her hand into her friend's with half a sigh and sinking down on her knees, looked up into the beautiful face above her. And it was a fair faced she raised; full of purity and sweetness and a half-expressed longing in the dark brown eyes. So they talked half joyfully, half sadly, renewing their vows and declarations of mutual love, until the kneeling figure with a half incredulous tone, turned to her companion:

"Avis, is it possible, as the girls were talking about tonight, to give up for another something we think very much of?" Avis smiled.

"What does Elsie think?"

"I do not think I ever could do it!"

Then Avis talked a while, talked of the "kite" and the inspiration and help it would bring, until even sacrifice would be possible, and stooping kissed the girl's forehead where two lines were gathered over the not understood question of self-renunciation.



There was a long silence, each busy over the awakened thoughts, each praying that if ever the time should come they might be ready. The singing at the piano had ceased, and the girls full of good will had one last song in unison, then the troop flocked out; you could hear the merry voices for a little distance, then there was quiet, the lights were put out, and only the invisible spirits of Theta guarded the empty hall.

## II.

Time passed on, but one never-to-be-forgotten day in spring, Avis and a young man of the senior class strolled into the woods; they started *friends*, came back *lovers*. They had never been with each other much; some streams never meet until they cross each other, but now all the nobility, all the power of loving that a strong man has, went out towards the tall slight girl that walked beside him. They lingered until dusk, talking and exchanging lovers nonsense. As they walked home leaving the beautiful light green woods behind them, a quick thought came to Avis: What would Elsie say? There was a time when she had thought that Elsie cared for the grave young man, but that was past. Elsie was a child, full of childish fancies. Yet even now, on the threshold of her happiness, the brave true heart of Avis made a quick resolution; if Elsie would be made unhappy she would turn back; Elsie was her first love. She turned to her companion with a smile so lovely, so ethereal, that he wondered what she was thinking of, but he never knew.

News in a college town flies quickly, and before the next morning the students knew that Avis and John Ward were engaged, that is most of them. But Elsie sitting at her table deep in history and Latin, studied on unconsciously, until a Theta from across the hall who rushed in like a whirlwind to borrow a book gave the news with an exclamation of "Is it not grand!" and flew out again.

Elsie never doubted for a moment. It was natural that John Ward should love her Avis, her beautiful high souled Avis, and she did not wonder that Avis loved John Ward, for Elsie too loved John Ward, loved him since the day he first came to her, loved him as her hero, her ideal, loved him as she would not and did not love any other man.

But she would give him up; he belonged to Avis and she would give him to her cheerfully and willingly. Even then amid her heart-aches she felt glad she was giving Avis her greatest happiness. Avis should not know, should never dream that Elsie loved her betrothed. Avis' happiness should never be dimmed. But the battle had yet to be fought, the self-sacrifice to be made. She walked mechanically to

the door and locked it, took from her pincushion her fraternity pin,—the pin that Avis had given her—and looked at it longingly. The “diamond eyes” looked at her encouragingly, the “kite” urged her to be worthy of the symbol she wore. She stood some time holding it in her hand, then groping her way to the bed, she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands. She lived a lifetime there, a life in which John Ward would be left out, a life in which she would guard her secret, a life in which only Avis was to be thought of, only Avis lived for. She did not remain long on her knees; the victory had been won, the sacrifice made. The longing in the brown eyes had settled into a steady sweetness, and where she could always see it, shone her badge, the first thing that long ago had awakened within her a desire for nobility and goodness.

In the evening Avis came, and when alone in the fast gathering darkness she told her story simply and quietly to Elsie and laying her hand on her shoulder, suddenly asked her, “Elsie, do you love John Ward?”

Only for a second there was utter stillness, then two arms crept around her neck, a soft cheek was laid against hers, and the sweet voice said,

“Why do you *ask* me? You know *I* love *you*.” Avis was satisfied and laughed a gay little laugh. “Some day there will be room in your heart for me and some one else too,” she said, but Elsie knew that could never be.

The days followed each other in quick succession; there were a few more fraternity meetings, a few more parties and commencement came. The one this year was like all others. It brought warm weather, a host of visitors and abundance of speeches, but to Elsie it brought the one thought,—Avis and John Ward were to graduate.

Avis spoke on commencement day; she spoke as she had never done before, captivating the audience, but she only spoke to Elsie and gathered her inspiration from the eyes that never left her face. After the exercises the two spoke together for a few moments, only a hand shake, ah, how much was in it, and a few whispered words.

After commencement the weeks rolled by quickly and the wedding came. Elsie spent a week with Avis before the day, a beautiful week, although there were times when to Elsie it seemed as though she must tell Avis, must let her know that her heart was breaking, but she never did—as they talked and planned of the happy days to come.

The wedding was quiet and informal, full of sacredness and holy peace. After the ceremony, Avis held out her arms to Elsie and she



crept into them. They did not speak, only held each other close, till the bride roused herself. Elsie was crying now and tears stood in Avis' eyes, but in the faces of both there was an indistinguishable look of happiness. Avis gave Elsie half of her bridal roses, and one of them lies in her Bible by the wonderful chapter on love.

### III.

The years fly by too. Elsie finished her college course, took her diploma and her degree, spent a summer in Europe, taught awhile, but fell ill the first winter.

She was ill a long time, then grew better, but she knew she would not get well; she was always gentle, always cheerful, tried for her friends' sake to get well, but in vain; the doctor said it was a matter of time, so they sent for Avis; she came on Saturday night.

Elsie was in her room—she seldom left it now—dressed in her wrapper, settled before the fire. It had burnt low and she was seeing in the red coals pictures of the long ago, the college girls, the fraternity meetings, and Avis—always Avis. She closed her eyes and when she opened them there stood Avis, looking even as she used to in the college days. Elsie was not startled, not even surprised. With a face full of joy, she turned to her, and in the way she had said it many times before on Saturday nights, said, "O Avis! And Avis wept over her and petted her, and finally, as though she had been one of her own babies, sung her to sleep. Avis did not leave after that. Elsie grew weaker and the end came soon—a beautiful end.

A few afternoons before she died, she unpinned her badge, which she had worn on her nightdress and gave it to Avis. She held it lovingly, loath even now to let it go. She paused as her hand was outstretched, should she give her secret with it, the secret which only she and it knew? But she would not mar Avis' happiness even now, and the pin was given without it. Avis took it, kissed it, and pinned it on. A few afternoons afterwards while Avis was singing "Rock of Ages," Elsie fell asleep with a smile of perfect satisfaction on her face.

There is no stone marking her grave, only a bank of pansies, great, golden-hearted pansies planted by Avis.

Avis and her husband often talk of Elsie, and then Avis says, "Ah, but you did not know how noble she was." No, no one knows, not even Avis.

IDA BLANCHE WEAVER.

*Alpha.*

### WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY ABOUT IT.

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IT was the week before commencement, and Grace, Mollie, Margaret and Gertrude were seated around the open fireplace in the chapter house library, enjoying their accustomed Saturday evening talk before separating for the night.

Never were four more antagonistic natures brought into so close companionship, for it is only college life that makes such friendships among women possible. Mollie had been talking in her half droll, half enigmatical manner so that her listeners could never tell whether she was intensely serious or intensely satirical. She is irresistibly funny, sober, and inspiring by turns, but always interesting.

"It is the hopeful thing about women's relations to each other," she said, that higher education, the broadening of mind which college life produces, is bringing with it a corresponding breadth of sympathy and toleration of 'the other half.'

Four years ago, Gracie, I would have found your philosophical ideas very heretical, and I know I would have shunned Margaret's worldliness conscientiously, however much I might have been attracted to it secretly; but some way college makes everything seem so different, I often wonder if it is liberal education or looseness of principles that has made the change in me. 'Was denken sie Gracie?'"

"It seems to me" said Grace thoughtfully "that what college does more than all else for women, is that it furnishes *resources* for them. It not only stores their minds with a fund of useful knowledge, but it develops in them the capacity for enjoyment and appreciation of life in all its phases. It enables them to look at everything from a philosophical standpoint, so that all experiences, pleasant and sad, are in one way alike to them. It prepares them, fortifies them intellectually for whatever may come.

"Oh, you give me the shivers," interrupted Margaret, "I think it is perfectly horrid for college girls, just because they *are* college girls, to be so awfully strong minded and have ideas and cranky notions about things. Why can't they be like other girls, only, of course, much nicer and brighter! That is what makes us so stupid—because we try to be learned instead of attractive, and I think it is just ridiculous. If there is anything that makes me mad it is to see college girls turn up their noses at fashion, discuss Kant at a dinner party, affect a superiority towards frivolous society girls, and, above all,



pretend not to care about the society of young men. I just despise women who have missions and spheres and who do not dress well. If four years in college must make a woman so disagreeable and prudish and unenjoyable, I'd rather she'd never know anything."

Gertrude sat silently gazing into the fire, and when she spoke it was in a soft, almost reverential manner, still watching the flames which seemed to leap up into attitudes of sympathy with the fervor within her soul. "If college has done anything for me," she said, "it has made me see the deeper meanings of life, the infinite possibilities of the human soul, its power for triumph over the sins that beset it and the circumstances that would hem it in; our opportunity and responsibility for doing God's work in the world, the nearer understanding of His laws, His ways and Himself. It has revealed to me in a new light the truth that 'All knowledge is from God,' and I believe that in proportion as we have received more than falls to the lot of most girls, we are so much the more bound to employ our added knowledge, light and strength for the advancement of His work and His glory. I don't think we have any right to use our education for ourselves, just for ornament to our lives. It isn't ours to begin with. It is only for us to use in His name; and if we make baser uses of it, for selfish ends, we are doing worse than stealing. We are defiling that which is holiest and best."

"'Corruptio, optimi, pessima,' Prof. Torrey would say," added Mollie, "and owing to my loose-mindedness, I suppose, I shall both agree and disagree with all of you. I think as Grace says, that one of the greatest advantages of our university life is that it has developed *resources* within ourselves which render it possible for us to be philosophically contented and happy under all circumstances. If I were left to spend my life alone on a desert island, I could still find interest and enjoyment in life. It is a case of intellectual ex-territoriality and a sure defence against ennui and blase'-ness which is such a 'fad' among the silly, superficial young people of the present day. But if we become philosophical to the exclusion of other things we have not accomplished much after all. A woman's life should not be a matter of religion, or a system of philosophy; neither should it be an accumulation of accomplishments or yet the perfection of *savoir-faire*. It may include these, but must absorb them into that indescribable essence of womanhood which refines, magnetizes, and inspires everything with which it comes in contact. I am tired to death of hearing about 'woman's sphere, woman's rights, the woman question and the emancipation of our sex.' What rights could

be more sacred than the God-given right to bear children, to train their minds, to cultivate their souls? What higher emancipation can there be than the capability of doing this divine work well and conscientiously? The problems of life are too deep for me, anyway, and I wonder if puzzling over them ever does any good. I can't help it, whether it does or not. Of course one trouble is, the world is not quite used to college girls yet, and we are not quite used to ourselves either. Society hasn't classified us, and we are in the same deplorable state as the poor Andover heathen who did not know which place to go to when they died, while the question was being settled by the Mission Board."

"It's growing cold here, and I'm sleepy," said Margaret, "Let's go home."

VIRGINIA.





### The Nun.

THE dim light falls upon her upturned face,  
Which gleams white, spirit-like  
As the carved crucifix of stone  
She kneels before. The sweetness of the face  
Of Christ reflects she in her own.  
A yearning is there in her holy eyes;  
God's love fills her pure heart,  
His dear son deeply she reveres.  
Yet in her woman's soul an earthly love  
Had grown, nurtured by hopeless tears.  
So, as a child at nightfall wearily  
Turns from his broken toys  
Which have made glad the sunny day,  
She left the world, but twilight now for her,  
And now she kneels to pray.  
"O Father merciful, Thou knowest all  
Thy children suffer here.  
I thank Thee I have learned to feel  
The depth, the blessedness of human love.  
Thy love divine to me reveal."

GRACE SMITH.  
*Alpha.*

### WHAT COLLEGE GIRLS LACK.

SOME very wise person has said that the only way to cure a fault is to substitute a virtue in its place. It is with that thought in mind that the present paper was written, so perhaps more will be said of what girls ought to be than of what they are.

As it is a conviction of the writer that college students, whether men or women, should be one in general aims and purposes, for a little, we will consider students without any distinction of sex.

Do college students as a class, then, show any grave defects? I think they do, and I think that these faults spring mainly from one great imperfection which I shall chiefly consider. It will be evident that this fault of which I speak is largely intellectual in its nature, but much of its importance lies in its results, which are truly moral. Indeed a mental fault always implies a moral fault, and bad mental habits imply moral weakness.

To a thoughtful person, it must be only too apparent that college students do not as a rule study in the right way. They study in a truly time-serving spirit, if I may use that expression. They prepare one lesson thoroughly because the professor in that department is particular about details. They prepare another lesson in a careless and superficial way because another professor is not as exacting. Even if a student is careful and conscientious enough to do all his work with the same diligence, he is then only too much inclined to degenerate into a mere text-book student. And all, whether time-servers or not, study with reference to the distant and dreaded examination. Those who work in a truly independent and scholarly spirit are surprisingly few. We are not considering those who hope to "get through" merely, but those whose aim it is to "get through" creditably. Yet with these it is the idea of *getting through* that is uppermost. Even the very best students acquire thoroughly and well only just what is required, and, worst of all, because it is required. There are some exceptions of course, but they are the few.

Oh, my dear fellow sinners, instead of being the time-serving, delving text-book student or the careless, neglectful one, why not study from pure love of independent thoughtful research, omitting nothing in your eager, earnest search? And do this, too, not because it is required of you, not because there is an examination following, but because it is a fine thing, if you are learning anything at all, to learn it well; because a hazy, indistinct idea of a fact, theo-



ry, or principle is of no use to its possessor and is truly a mental injury because every fact firmly fixed, every problem completely solved, every principle thoroughly understood, develops and strengthens the mind; and because every fact half learned, every principle half understood, every bit of careless work, by just so much, weakens the mind and makes it less able to do clear, keen, mental work. If you would work for these better reasons would you not find the tasks no longer such? Would not the mind be stimulated to greater activity and the will aroused to higher purposes? You would find just the difference that exists between the keen delight of vigorous mental effort and the dullness of stupid, unreasoning labor. I think the great fault of college students, men and women alike, lies just here. It is the wrong, or, at least, feeble purpose with which they work. I would that every college student felt this.

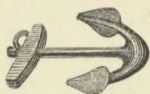
Moreover, a great deal of honest, conscientious effort is wrong. It is *not* right to study stupidly a task set before the mind, making that free organ a mere machine. How can the mind *grow* while confining itself to a task, even if the possessor of that mind is supported by the pious conviction that it is a duty to learn that task. Oh, that much abused word duty! I declare it is *not* one's duty to study in that stupid, unintelligent way. Above all, as you study don't have the thought continually in mind, will this or that "be asked on examination." Study as men and women, not as school boys and school girls. And *think* while you work—think deeply and always. Then you will not find when you have graduated that your work has been all fragmentary and a large part of it too carelessly and indifferently done to be of much service to you after the dreaded examination has once been passed. Realize then, that thoughtful, independent research is your aim, not merely preparation to pass certain examinations, not the great display of presenting an oration on Commencement Day, and not even admittance into the honored society of Phi Beta Kappa. Rather let it be your aim to graduate as well-rounded, developed, noble men and women. It is well when a student graduates from college that, with the degree, is carried away a sound body, a strong, active, thinking mind, and a sweet, earnest character.

If college girls would work from such motives and with such aims, I care not for the questions as to the results of the higher education and of co-education. No one will ask any questions, no one will say that college life unsexes women if they can see such results.

If you will only do this, girls, I have no anxiety for anything else.

*You* are defective here as all college students are, and you lack true independence in other ways. I do not mean that assumption of independence, the "don't care" spirit—I mean that brave independence that will carry one through college always adhering strictly to duty and what one knows is right—not doing this or that because the class does and *not* always feebly wondering what "the boys will think" of this action or that action. There is often a special danger to women of becoming mere text-book students from their susceptibility to the persuasion of duty. Don't be deceived that way. Study as scholars; think as women; be strong, be brave, be true to each other. Do not be self-conscious; forget your peculiar and often unique position in your earnest work. Be truly and modestly independent—be all this and then no one will speak of "what college girls lack," no one will question whether college is wholly good for girls or not. Don't be afraid to be a true, strong, independent woman, and don't be afraid by any means to have, now and then, a real jolly time like a light-hearted girl. Above all be earnest and thoughtful in your work and so you will be a blessing to your fellow students first, and then to the world if you graduate as you ought, with "calm nerves, good health, and a modest opinion of yourself."

GERTRUDE HATFIELD.





## THE WICKEDNESS OF BLONDES.

I have seen her with her golden hair,  
And her exquisite primrose face,  
And the violet in her eyes.—*Fatality.*

FOR ages, or a long time at any rate, blonde-haired women have been lauded to the skies, while their more unfortunate darker sisters have been pointed at often with the finger of scorn. The blondes have been held up as models to be copied; the brunettes as examples of depravity for the most part, to be avoided sedulously. Here enters one incog., ready to break a lance in defense of the much abused dark portion of femininity.

Elinor Percy, who was executed in London some time since, committed one of the most cold blooded murders on record. Her case causes us to turn our attention to blonde women and consider them historically as well as socially.

In person, Mrs. Percy was a frail delicate woman of the decided blonde type, with blue eyes, fair hair and an extremely beautiful complexion. Her crime was fiendish. In a transport of rage and fury she killed and literally hacked in pieces her unfortunate victims. When brought to trial she made no attempt to deny her guilt. Throughout the trial she maintained her calm and elegant composure—every inch a lady. She died as she said she wished, "like a man."

The crime of a woman so exquisitely beautiful and innocent looking makes us stop and count over other fair-haired women of our acquaintance. We might begin with Eve. Tradition gives "our common mother" fair hair, blue eyes and gentle manners. Yet in her sin "we sinned all."

Helen of Troy, the cause of the long and cruel Trojan war, is described as having a fair complexion and light hair. It is said that Judith, who cut off the head of the sleeping Holofernes, was a small, fair-haired woman. Cleopatra, described as "brow-bound with burning gold," adds another wicked one to our list. She is also spoken of as the "queen with the tawny locks."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England, more persecutions were carried on and more people executed than under her predecessor, the so-called "bloody Queen Mary." Every one has read of Elizabeth's small, piercing eyes and sandy hair. The term *carrotty* was first applied to her hair because she dressed it with the leaves of the carrot. Lucrezia Borgia, one of the wickedest women of modern times, is known to have been very small and slight. She

had long golden hair, so long that she could cover herself as with a mantle when she chose.

Lady Macbeth, a Scotch woman, presumably had the "lint-white locks" of her country. In his "Notes and Letters from England," Mr. White says that he was surprised to find Mme. de Pompadour's picture showing her with blue eyes and fair hair. "I had always thought of the haughty, brilliant, scheming favorite of Louis XV as a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman."

Another writer says, "The lovely being whose picture was my childish adoration, who sat simpering over the library shelf in dear old uncle W's house, robed in satin and sables, her gold hair curling like a child's, her sapphire eyes as inscrutable as a deep spring, her rosebud lips soft and fresh as a baby's and her taper white fingers crossed in her lap, was a virago, a drunkard, a woman without a symptom of principle—the mystery and the curse of the old and honorable family she married into."

Elizabeth, Empress of Russia and daughter of Peter the Great, was noted for her dissolute manners. She had a vivacious manner—and blue eyes.

A history of Spain, by an author of the highest repute, says in speaking of Queen Isabella, "Her complexion was fair, her hair of a bright chestnut color, inclining to red, and her mild blue eyes beamed with intelligence and sensibility." It was under this queen that the horrors of the inquisition were introduced. This queen also, influenced by the crafty Torquemada, directed the famous expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The conquered Moors were oppressed in every way.

It is the experience of more than one person that the worst feminine qualities are allied almost invariably to the blonde style; not the gray-eyed blonde with fresh coloring, but the pallid type with light blue eyes and limp or waving hair—"an innocent looking creature with feline manners, *pattes de velours*, and such claws!" These are the women who delude and destroy men; who never forget a slight or forgive an injury, who smile and talk sweetly, but are scheming, unprincipled, false to the core.

The dark-skinned monarch, Charles II of England, complained once, "When you want to make a villain, all you do is to clap a black wig on somebody and there you have your villain." It is still one of the traditions of the stage to have the "heavy villain" swarthy, with black, rolling eyes.

There is but one instance, it is said, of Shakespeare's having de-



scribed the personal appearance of any of his female characters. It is in the "Merchant of Venice" where *Portia* is described:

"— and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golded fleece."—*Act 1, Scene 1.*

But this does not prove conclusively that the poet meant to represent the heroine as actually having golden hair. It may have been a figure of speech intended to show how much the beautiful *Portia* was sought after.

Modern English poets divide their attentions about equally between dark and fair, although Meredith in his "Vampire" says,

"I would that this woman's head  
Were less golden about the hair;  
I would her lips were less red  
And her face less deadly fair.  
For this is the worst to bear—  
How came that redness there?  
'Tis my heart, be sure, she eats for her food.  
— and she so fair,  
With that dim, unearthly golden hair,  
And those sad, serene, blue eyes,  
With their looks from who knows where."

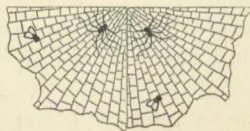
And

"For where the devil hath made his lair  
And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman,  
(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair,  
And break his heart if his heart be human,)  
Would not a saint despair  
To be saved by fast or prayer  
From perdition made so fair?"

Black-haired and dark-eyed women are quick tempered, generous, jealous most likely, but full of relenting and capable of being coaxed into or out of anything; the delightful torment of any man who loves them, but whom they do not love too much. Love makes fools of them and they are ridiculously constant. The clear gray eye, the hair of flaxen or brown tint, the bloom of a tea rose on a delicate skin give the assurance of womanly perfection.

But inherent faults may be overcome and the blonde when she is now shown the error of her ways and that she is known by the world now for what she is, will please confess she has known all along that she was not nearly so innocent as she looked, and not nearly so good and sweet as people have been thinking she was. And let her not say that the world always has been helping her to be a hypocrite.

SISTER KAPPA.



### **The Language Universal.**

**I**N blessed realms afar, I woke,  
The dread of all, of all the hope;  
Strangers all, far in the vast throng I see  
All nations, all creeds, of high and low degree.  
But from the eye, the portal of the soul,  
Was revealed a language most manifold.  
The eye, the heart, the soul spoke inarticulate speech,  
And the language of all became the language of each.

ALSTON W. DANA.



### THE BURGLAR AND THE SMILE.

“H?” said Monsieur, sitting up in his luxuriant bed and looking sleepily about him.

“Be still. Make no resistance. Where are your valuables?” said a voice in the dark beside him.

“Bah!” said Monsieur, after waiting a moment, “I have been dreaming. It is the wind that talks tonight.”

“Then it is a very high wind and a realistic dream,” said a voice, and the bright eye of a dark lantern flashed into Monsieur’s face.

Ah!” said he, relieved, “it is you, a burglar. Will you please to light the gas? I wish to talk with you.”

If the burglar was surprised he did not show it. He grumbled as he obeyed, and he put his lantern on the big centre table as he did so.

“Come,” said the voice, which belonged to the burglar, “I am in haste. Your valuables!”

“Or my life?”

The burglar looked cunningly at Monsieur’s dark, handsome face.

“Do you value it?” he asked.

“Of course I do!” indignantly.

“Or your life, then,” said the burglar, triumphantly.

Monsieur got out of bed, slipped his feet into his slippers, stirred the fire, and into his big arm chair sank with a contented sigh.

“Sit down, my friend,” said he, and the burglar, changing his pistol to his left hand, pulled up a chair beside the table and in front of the blaze and fell to toasting his shins.

“Now let us see; if I am right, you desire my money or my life?”

The burglar nodded; he was no gentleman burglar.

“But, my dear sir, what a very poor reasoner you are. Can’t you see that both my life and my shekels are at your mercy? Then why do you ask for one when you can so easily take both? Why such false economy?”

“Now, see here,” said the burglar, a trifle ruffled, “who is doing this burglary, you or me?”

“Why, you are supposed to be, but it is a very poor way to do it.”

“Really?” said the burglar in a most sarcastic tone, “since when did Monsieur leave the profession, may I ask?”

Monsieur laughed. “Some time ago,” answered he.

“Now,” continued he, after he had gotten a decanter of rare old

wine from the dresser, and had drank with his guest, "now I will fight you for my life and valuables with rapiers, eh?"

"No."

"Shall we wrestle, then?"

"No."

"Game?—Cards?"

"No."

"Bah!"

"Come, come," said the burglar, impatiently, "you must drop this nonsense, I am weary of waiting. Your money, quick!"

"Wait a moment. I should like to know how you came to be in this business."

"I am a burglar, not a story-teller."

"As you like," said he, and he smiled. That was all, but it was enough. Who is there who can describe that wonderful smile? Not I. So beautiful, so strange, so awful was it that it seemed to stupefy the burglar. He felt as if he could look at Monsieur's beautiful white teeth and red lips all night. At last he said, as if trying to break the spell upon him, "Hurry; I have not all time to wait for you."

"Yes," said Monsieur, still smiling, and speaking very slowly, "all time and all eternity, if I should say."

The burglar sat steadfastly gazing at him. He saw naught but that wonderful smile of Monsieur's. He could not move a muscle, and Monsieur with a cat-like motion stole his hand softly over his visitor's knee and took the pistol from his nerveless grasp.

"You would have my money or my life, would you?" he asked in a whisper, still smiling into the burglar's now idiotic face, "how unkind you would be! But I forgive you. And now,—no, you shall do it yourself," and a more amusing look came into his laughing eyes, as if he were hearing a good story.

"Take your weapon," said he.

The burglar mechanically obeyed. A moment of loud silence, the small clock on the mantel ticking busily. Monsieur's smile was still unchanged, but his body was bent forward.

"Stand and deliver!" said the burglar suddenly in a changed voice turning the pistol slowly toward himself.

Then with his trembling left hand he began unburdening his pockets of the many things within them—money, watches, knives, and finally jewels of all sizes and settings, tied up in greasy rags. Like a frightened traveler suddenly held up on a dark road, he put them



into Monsieur's hand. Then taking himself by the collar, he shuffled to the door, the pistol still pointing menacingly at his heart.

"Now go!" said he, giving himself a vigorous kick and thereupon falling part way down the stair.

Monsieur took the burglar's dark lantern and followed him out. His late visitor was opening the hall door as he looked down.

Monsieur's smile broadened and kissing his finger tips lightly to the fast disappearing form of the burglar, he murmured, "Good night, and pleasantest dreams to you."

Going back to his room, Monsieur picked up the gems his guest had left, and dropping them into his desk, he locked it.

The smile was gone now.

He turned out the lights, jumped back into bed, and covered his head with the cool sheets.

"It is well to know when to smile," said Monsieur.

EVERARD APPLETON.



**Horace.**

## ODE III, BOOK II.

① Dellius, in adversity, maintain a hopeful mind,  
Nor yet, allow thyself to boast when fortune is most kind;  
For thou must surely die.

What if the whole of life be passed in sadness and in woe.  
Or if in some sequestered spot, on grass reclining low,  
Thou spend thy days in mirth.

And if the pine, with friendly boughs, averts the hot sun's ray,  
Or poplar tree, with silver leaves, beguiles the tedious day,  
Enjoy their cooling shade.

Or if near by, a river flows, with waters sparkling, clear,  
And down its winding channel darts, as if beset by fear,  
Here calm thy troubled soul.

E'en while thou canst, enjoy the wine, suffused with ruddy glow,  
And pluck the roses ere they die, by winter's blasts laid low  
Ere life's brief thread is snapped.

Thy villa washed by Tiber's wave, thy stately palace hall,  
Thy wide-spread lands, and hoarded wealth thou soon must  
leave them all,  
And to thine envious heir.

For all must die; the lowly born, and men of high estate,  
It matters not, to you or me, if we be rich and great,  
Stern Orcus pities none.

The lot of fate will soon be cast, our time is near at hand;  
The stygian bark, with pilot drear, will bear us from the land  
To an eternal shore.

DAISY OLIVE MIKELS,  
*Alpha.*



## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IN considering any great and significant event in the history of a country, only after a considerable period of time has passed, are we able thoroughly to understand its causes or fully to appreciate its effects. But viewed at a sufficient distance, the attendant circumstances are seen in their true relations, and the event may take its proper place in the history of the world.

More than a century has passed since the thirteen colonies separated from Great Britain. The causes of their separation might be divided into those which were immediate and those which were remote.

In the year 1763, after the French dominions in America had been surrendered to the British Empire, the English ministry began to form plans for rendering the colonies more directly advantageous to the mother country. Up to this time, the colonies had been self-governing; they had their own general assemblies to legislate in their domestic affairs, and especially did it lie in their power to levy internal taxes. Although their trade was already restricted by the navigation laws, yet those were not burdensome because they were so easily evaded.

But now Parliament declares a new policy. An act was passed in the year 1764, making provisions for the enforcement of the navigation act and declaring the expediency of raising a revenue in America by means of certain internal taxes. This calls forth earnest remonstrance from the colonies. The leaders affirm that this act is a usurpation of authority by Parliament; while that body declares that it possesses sovereign power, and that this sovereignty includes the right of taxation.

To this the Americans reply that Parliament has no right to tax colonies not represented, that a people are not to be taxed without their own consent. From this time until the breaking out of the war, the history of the colonies consists on the part of the English, of repeated acts of oppression, and on the part of the Americans, of letters and petitions to the king and Parliament, of declarations of rights published by their assemblies, of non-importation agreements among their merchants, of committees of correspondence between the provinces and finally of the assembling of the Colonial Congress and the Declaration of Independence.

On the one side, are the short-sighted and selfish measures of the British ministry, and on the other, petitions, remonstrances, and finally, firm resistance.

In all these events it is easy to see the immediate cause of the war, which briefly stated, consisted in the failure of the English Parliament to perceive that in cases where their authority as an abstract right might not be called in question, it meets when exercised, the determined resistance of the people.

The first of the more general causes is found in the colonial system itself. No countries provide for the rights of their colonies, but rather they establish them to further their own interests, and when these colonies have increased in wealth and importance as rapidly as did the thirteen American provinces, there will surely occur at some time a collision between the mother country and her dependencies. But much more potent was the second cause, namely, the spirit of English liberty which the colonies had brought with them from their old home where it had passed through centuries of development since its first establishment by the Anglo-Saxon race.

When the colonies were planted in this country, everything was adapted to strengthen and develop the spirit of liberty. The colonies were self-governing and free from the first, and it was only by this discipline that the Declaration of Independence and the future constitution of the United States was made possible.

It must be said that only Englishmen with their rich inheritance of political freedom could have established such colonies as would enable Edmund Burke to declare "In the character of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole." And he added, this "fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people on the earth."

We have seen that the separation of the colonies from England was inevitable, first from the interference of their commercial interests, and secondly, from the latent spirit of independence in the new country. Yet by moderate and generous measures, England could have kept the good will and loyalty of the colonies much longer than she did, and the separation when it did come would have been less bitter and less costly to each party. By no means all Englishmen sympathized with the measures of parliament. There was an American party in England as well as a loyalist party in America.

It was not a war between two nations, but a strife between two parties, the *one* supporting old established prerogatives, the other



maintaining natural rights and declaring that government derived its authority only from the consent of the people.

In England the results of the Revolution were unseen, perhaps, but its issue was none the less important to them. Their liberties were at stake as well as those of the Americans. If parliament succeeded in establishing its arbitrary power in this case, were not English privileges threatened too?

In arguing away the rights of the colonies, did they not attack some of the most highly valued rights of the English people themselves?

We can imagine no other result than the successful issue of the Revolution. Lord Chatham declared to parliament—"You cannot conquer America. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms."

After the war was over, the new nation was by no means out of peril. There yet lay before the colonies the work of forming a federal union which would bind them closely together and yet, at the same time, preserve the independence of each individual portion.

Their efforts resulted in the constitution of the United States, which has been called "the finest piece of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen."

Against the opinion of the whole world, against the opposition of the most powerful empire on the earth, the Americans tried the experiment of establishing a federal government over so large a political aggregate as the United States—an experiment made possible by the remote position of America and by the self-governing principles of the English colonists.

Thus the Americans offered to the world a new government which a recent writer considers "one of the most important contributions that the English race has made to the general work of civilization."

And in the coming ages, when as some now predict, all the nations of the world are united into a federal union, each individual state preserving its independence, yet all working together for the good of the whole, when war is abolished and civilization has permanently advanced, then may the descendants of the English race look back with pardonable pride to the little group of colonies which in defence of maintaining their liberties, set before the world the example of a federal union, compact, harmonious, enduring.

### A Quartet of Sonnets.

#### AUTUMNAL NIGHT.

O thee, O wanderer, how comes the night?  
 Is't like a vast uncertainty that broods,  
 Or comes it creeping up the whispering woods,  
 Tolling the harebells for the death of light?  
 How sing its waves, those sepulchres of might  
 That fawn the crags in weird autumnal moods,  
 Suggestive to the mind of sunken goods  
 Lost from the olden days 'mid din of fight?  
 To me it comes a symphony of thought  
 Pervasive with a myriad chalice drops;  
 They fall in showers; a gem is each and wrought  
 By hands more skilful than of earthly shops.  
 I've found no fear in deep-eyed night, tho' sought  
 In vague uncanny wilds or rugged copse.

#### REFLECTIONS.

##### [*De Vita Aliisque.*]

Is life so fathomless and vast in space  
 That none exists to span its grand confine,  
 Nor spirit hand e'er spins an endless line  
 To gird the universe in thread of lace?  
 Are we but runners in a goalless race,  
 Without a prize the thinker may define;  
 No end of being, no appointed sign  
 To check the tired runner, face to face?  
 We are not puppets, let the world go round  
 And we but atoms on its wrinkled skull!  
 While quick vitality and love abound,  
 Why not be jocund? Let the fool be dull!  
 When Death's chill sickle in our field doth sound,  
 We'll graceful fall among the weeds he'll cull.

#### VOID.

Into my life, O Lord, something must come,  
 I know not whence, I cannot dream as yet.  
 Toward the dim west my steadfast face is set  
 To leave behind all grievings burdensome.  
 The world, its cities strange, and Babel-hum,  
 Seem all around; ah, how can I forget  
 The noisome stream whose murky waters wet  
 My hurrying feet in surface-riding scum!  
 A great and lasting peace, O Friend, would rid  
 My troubled heart of every vague unrest;  
 And, travelling onward, falterings unchid,  
 To rest my wearyings upon thy breast,  
 One heavenly morn thy tender arms will bid  
 Eternal entrance to a weeping guest.



## CONTENT.

Turn but thy face to mine and let me read  
What prayer unspoken in thy vision lies.  
The soul dwells in the pathos of the eyes  
So truer far than tongue's poor faltering deed.  
Of speech and written word there is no need  
When love hath bound us for eternities;  
And love, thus driven, never pales nor dies,  
Cares not what roadway to the tomb may lead.  
Yes, dear, the world hath sneer and cruel thrust.  
What harm the world when we are gone for aye?  
The shadows creeping o'er the silent dust,  
The quiet churchyard of a later day,—  
All these and else will turn their sword to rust,  
While we live on in love that knows no stay.

THE COLLEGIAN.



### TOLSTOY AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

TOLSTOY was born on the 28th of August, 1828. His boyhood life was that of a son of the Russian nobility. He studied oriental languages and the law at the university of Kazan; became a teacher and writer; joined the army, serving in the Crimean war; resigned at its close and gave himself up to society and literature in St. Petersburg. After traveling extensively in Europe he returned to Russia, retiring soon after to his estates, where this hero of Sebastopol, this lion of the court and salon of St. Petersburg, when not engaged in his study, assumes the peasant garb of a dark loose coat with a leathern girdle, makes shoes for peasants, supports schools for the education of their children, and seeks to entertain and instruct this simple people by tales and stories written expressly for them.

He was christened and educated in the faith of the Orthodox Greek Church. "Nevertheless" he says, "at the age of eighteen, when I left the university, I had discarded all belief in anything I had been taught, I no longer accepted the faith of my childhood, but I had a vague belief in something, I knew not what. I believed in God, that is, I did not deny his existence, yet I knew nothing of the character of the Godhead; I denied neither Christ nor his teachings but did not know the nature of either. The only belief I had was a belief in the possibility of human perfection, which I strove to reach through intellectual attainments."

Meantime, he says, "I put men to death in war, fought duels to slay others, gambled, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, drunkenness, violence and murder, all committed by me, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man."

His belief in perfection and progress, which had been strengthened by his contact with European civilization, was terribly shattered by witnessing the execution of a criminal in Paris.

Henceforth life to him was an absurdity, an ugly practical joke, played by some unknown power. "There is nothing," he says, "there never was anything, there never will be anything in life, death is preferable," and suicide was contemplated. The sayings of Socrates, Schopenhauer, Solomon and Buddha are quoted to sustain the proposition that death is preferable to life, and that the wisest



and best men of the world sought oblivion. To him believers were doubters; theologians disagreed among themselves, and the lives of neither corresponded with their professions. In this desperate condition, he still sought after the true meaning of life, with the result that he perceived that he had made a great mistake in that he had considered only the artificial life of his own class, had tried to solve not the question of life *generally*, but the question of his *individual* life, the life of the masses of the people never entering into the problem. Therefore he mingled with the peasantry and found what seemed to him to be the true faith. Though this faith abounded in superstition, yet he believed that in it and in it alone could be found the true meaning of life.

In 1885 Count Tolstoy was practically unknown to readers on this side of the Atlantic. His name was unfamiliar, the details of his life were not accessible in any dictionary of biography. Now no less than fifteen of his books are published in this country; his opinions and mode of life are familiar to every reader. His great, brooding, sympathetic countenance is familiar to the loiterers by the news venders' windows. He is studied by many eager, searching minds, and by some thought to be the one colossal figure in contemporary literature.

Tolstoy's works may be divided into four different classes—fiction, education, autobiography and religion.

Tolstoy is generally considered the founder of the realistic school in fiction, though this is disputed by Zola. He contends that Tolstoy is a Russian disciple of the French school that saw light for the first time in the days of 1848. "His ideas, theories and deductions are French with only this difference," says Zola, "that they were transmogrified by their transplantation to a foreign soil. They entered Tolstoy's mind as French ideas in French dress, and were turned out by him in Slavonic garb." This is not the realism, however, that dragged Zola and other French writers down to so low a plane of immorality. Sin is always dealt with vehemently by Tolstoy and always in an unholy spirit. His books are morbidly moral.

It is interesting to inquire why Tolstoy has so impressed the literary world. Wherein lie his charm and power, for these we can not deny, and whence comes this willingness to endure for the sake of principle, this spirit of self-sacrifice, this lofty humility?

To be sure he is a writer of great power. The resources of his intellect are great and inexhaustible. His conceptions are masterful

and brilliant, and he has a vivid imagination. His powers of observation are wonderfully minute, and he is a master of detail, and all of so high an order as to mark him for a genius of the highest order. Yet many pronounce his books long, confusing and tedious, while the art of the writer is not of so high an order as to wholly account for the popularity of his writings. The truth is that Tolstoy is perfectly honest and sincere and terribly earnest. He has the courage of his convictions and goes without hesitation to his logical conclusions. It is also true that these characteristics are rare. He has another exceptional quality; he acts in accordance with his belief. His creed is translated into deed.

Yet this does not fully explain the secret of his power. It is in his autobiographies that lie his greatest charm. There is nothing so entertaining as an honest autobiographer; nothing so interesting to human nature as the human heart; and not one writer in a million admits the reader into his inmost soul. This Tolstoy has done to a greater degree than any other author we have read. It matters not who it may be, or what his philosophy or religion may be, human nature can distinguish the real from the artificial, sincerity from hypocrisy, and whenever or wherever so honest and sincere and courageous a man as Tolstoy is may be found, he is a power.

Tolstoy believes and lives up to a high ideal; and in the words of Cannon Farrar, "He who lives up to an unselfish ideal will find with certainty that it yields him a delight which neither the world, flesh nor the devil can pretend to bestow." But the same ideal will not suffice for all men. The hermit's ideal of life may answer for him, but it will not do for all men. Tolstoy's motives are of the highest and purest, but his scheme of conduct and society is intellectually wrong.

According to Tolstoy's reasoning, the sole aim of life, as it first presents itself to man, is the happiness of himself as an individual; but individual happiness there cannot be; if so, then that life in which alone happiness can exist—the life of the individual is borne irresistibly, by every movement, every breath toward suffering, evil, death and annihilation. Such a life, man has been saying to himself from the most ancient time, is absurd, evil and not real life. Hence the inward inconsistency of life expressed with such force by the Indians, Chinese, Egyptians, Greeks and the Jews; the mind of man having been directed from the beginning to the study of such a happiness as shall not be cancelled by the contest of individuals among themselves, or by suffering or by death; and in the increas-



ingly better solution of this problem is found the true criterion of life and its measure of advancement. Since the position of all men in the world is identical and the foregoing condition universal, all definitions of the true happiness of life, and hence, of the true revelations to men by the grandest minds of humanity, are identical.

"Life is the diffusion of that light which for the happiness of man descended upon them from heaven," said Confucius, 600 B. C.

"Life is the peregrination, and the perfection of souls which attain to greater and ever greater bliss," said the Brahmins, of the same day.

"Life is the abnegation of self, with the purpose of attaining blessed Nirvana," said Buddha, 600 B. C.

"Life is the path of peacefulness and lowliness for the attainment of bliss," said Loadzi, 600 B. C.

"Life is that which God breathed into man's nostrils, in order that he, by fulfilling his law, might receive happiness," says the Hebrew sage, Moses.

"Life is the submission to the reason which gives happiness to man," said the Stoics.

"Life is love toward God and our neighbor, which gives happiness to man," said Christ, summing up all those which had preceded it.

These definitions, according to Tolstoy, do away with the inconsistencies of life and replace the aspiration for an unattainable bliss of individuality by another aspiration for a happiness indestructible by suffering or death—a happiness that is the result of a love for all mankind. In the light, or rather in the darkness, of this false doctrine mankind has existed, taught by false teachers, who confess in words the teachings of those enlighteners of mankind, but require only the fulfillment of ceremonial forms. Others boldly affirm that the life of man is nothing but his animal existence from his birth to his death. Such, Tolstoy says, has been the direction of all learning in the past. History and political science have been written in the light of this false doctrine. Man must seek the happiness of others, then his life being the happiness of others, his death is not to be dreaded for it may add to the happiness of others. If I love myself more than others, others do likewise and there will be no happiness but constant warfare. "Each must live for all and all for each," is the law of the true life. The renunciation of happiness on the part of the animal personality is the law of man's life, and this by its subjection to rational consciousness, of which the feeling of love is the most remarkable phenomenon. True love is the result of the renunciation of personal happiness, the sacrifice of self.

We need not remark that this theory of life is neither new nor uncommon; and if laid down in general terms as general principles to

be adapted to and interpreted in the light of the general and advancing conditions of society and its institutions, we think all men, surely all high minded men, would assent to it; but when interpreted not in the spirit but in the letter and in the light of the twelfth century rather in that of the nineteenth century, and considered as a purely abstract theory, regardless of the ever changing and ever increasingly multifarious condition of society, we have a *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet it furnishes the key to Tolstoy's life, teachings and conduct.

Tolstoy is a stranger in a strange world. He found, to his amazement, that society and its institutions were essentially human, products of flesh and blood as well as of intellect, and therefore he rejects them all.

He rejects the chief doctrines of the church, also the authority of councils, fathers, popes and patriarchs and thinks that he is the immediate disciple of Christ alone. He rejects all of the bible except the words of Jesus alone and interprets those literally. Shocked by the horrors of war he becomes a "non resistant," and imagines that Christ's injunction to "resist not evil" forbids him to defend his own body or that of his daughter from insult and outrage. "He passed not from war to peace but to the other extreme and advocates a doctrine that would leave the basest of mankind the rulers of the world." The sciences propagate false and pernicious knowledge and scatter seeds of arrogance and vice. In his hands history has no heroes, saints or martyrs; a Napoleon dwindles to a pigmy, and the common soldier is the strength and savior of Russia. Doctors of divinity darken and defame the teachings of the Master, and the doctors of medicine usurp the functions of providence.

"There is no such right as that of educating others. Education, inasmuch as it pretends to be a developing of the mind after a certain form, is barren, not legitimate, and impossible. The only method of instruction is experience, the only criterion, liberty. In other words, we must teach only what the pupils ask for, what is to their taste. There ought to be a permanent plebiscitum on the choice of subjects. We bow before the will of the people; we should in the same manner bow before popular instinct."

He would do away with all property, prosperity and progress and fill the world with peasants, with only such of the arts as would administer to their absolute necessity.

"I believe not in progress, but look upon it as a superstition," says Tolstoy. "It is but the selfish dream of the governing classes



who alone benefit by the inventions and discoveries of modern science, and who are fain to exalt their privileges to a universal law of nature, and to make us believe that the human race is happier than in former ages, because they themselves, scarcely a tenth of our race, are so. To be sure, thousands have benefited by progress, but what about the millions who do not share in it, or who, as far as they do, are the worse for it? There are telegraphs. But the people, nine-tenths of the race, do not use them; they only hear the humming of the wires. Our huge armies, once raised, can never be reduced, nor our forests once cut down be replanted. The people, once spoiled by comforts, never can return to a simple, sober life. Salaries have been doubled, but so have prices. Is there more happiness because there are more newspapers, because the streets are better lighted, because women and children are less beaten, because English ladies write without mistakes in spelling?"

He would rob the world of art, music and the form of beauty, condemns the marriage relation as unholy and declares that the love of man for woman is sin. "Of course," says a critic, "he is driven to the conclusion that life is without value, that the race can be perpetuated only by vice, and that the practice of the highest virtue would leave the world without the form of man. He imagines that he is purer than his thoughts, holier than his desires and that to outrage nature is the highest form of religion."

We submit that this is sorry stuff to come from a philosopher, teacher and prophet of the nineteenth century. As Zola says, "Tolstoy belongs to the twelfth rather than to the nineteenth century. He is a compound of the monk of the middle ages and the modern Slav, with the mysticism of the one and the romanticism of the other. The logical deduction from his doctrines is that the world should be moved back seven centuries." But this is not all. To say that Tolstoy is socialistic and fanatical does not express the whole truth. The most recent of Tolstoy's books, especially those dealing with certain social questions—the "Sonata" for example—show unmistakable signs of an abnormal condition of the intellect. Tolstoy has gradually withdrawn from the living world into the gloom, and as gradually and surely has the sunlight of this world gone out from this great and tender soul.

Tolstoy takes a particular case and argues to the general; entertains a fanatic's idea of society and of conduct and calls it a system of philosophy. He knows the conditions of life amongst the poorer people in Russia and concludes that the world is but a greater Sibe-

ria. He pictures a man and wife who have neither ideas nor sympathies nor tastes in common, and because they do not enjoy the highest domestic felicity (a very natural thing) concludes that this is always the result of married life.

Tolstoy's reasoning and observation are in this wholly wrong.

In philosophy Tolstoy is an idealist; further than this it will be as impossible to classify him as a philosopher as to classify John Brown as a reformer; there was only one John Brown; there is but one Tolstoy.

We are aware that what has been said, or all that has been said, will not be approved by all admirers of Tolstoy. It is yet a mooted question what some of his most radical books teach. How much truth his theories will leave behind them to permeate gradually into society, or to be given shape and form by those who follow is impossible to say. But one thing is certain—that the opinions of so powerful, original and sincere a thinker cannot be answered by a shrug of the shoulders, though we see nothing but chaos and anarchy in them.

ALSTON W. DANA.





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**EDITORIALS.**

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**I**N spite of all warnings, pleadings and threatenings, the chapters have not been prompt in sending their contributions to the editor. Please remember that if you want the KAPPA ALPHA THETA the first of July, you must not wait until August to send in the chapter letters. All contributions for the general literature department should reach the editor by the first of June and the chapter correspondence a week later.

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We publish in this number the names of those Thetas who have been initiated since the issue of the last catalogue. We shall be glad to continue this plan if you will send us the names and addresses of recent initiates.

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A new experiment in university extension is being tried by the college girls of Boston. The object of this experiment is the diffusion of higher education among those women whose domestic duties prevent them from obtaining instruction in any of the ordinary ways which Boston provides so liberally for her common people. By this plan, courses of study are marked out by a committee of college girls and distributed to the busy housewives, who read and write while the baby is sleeping or while the bread is baking. Examinations and theses on the different subjects are presented, corrected and returned once a month, unless the baby's croup or extra housecleaning happens to delay the process. This is certainly a laudable undertaking and one that is very characteristic of Boston people, who are recognized leaders in all that is intellectual and philanthropic. The good which results is not so much in the extra amount of knowledge which these women attain as it is in the broadening of their narrow lives and the widening of their limited range of vision. Such work is just the impetus which is needed to move them out of the rut of domestic cares and bring them into contact with the outside world. It will make them view their own work and their own lives in a new light and under new relations to other work and other lives. It will show them the fallacy of believing that the sun rises and sets in their own back yard. It will help to "make their drudgery divine."

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It seems deplorable, at this advanced stage of civilization, that college fraternities are so misunderstood and so misjudged by the

nniated. An anti-fraternity man says, "You may know that these Greek-letter societies are formed for no good purpose or they would not be secret. They are probably dens of iniquity, and, alas! beyond the reach of the law." An otherwise sensible clergyman says, "The conservative, selective element in college fraternities is a sad hindrance toward the development of the broad, universal Christian feeling which should exist among college students as a whole; and owing to this the fraternity is detrimental to the *general* good." Many complain that the fraternity is an "intellectual aristocracy" and the loyalty of its members mere "snobbishness." An *apologia* would probably be in vain, but we may learn a lesson from the last words of a well-known clergyman who said, "It is the greatest regret of my life that I have not been more patient with fools."

A very interesting pamphlet entitled "Theological Training for Women" has found its way to our table. It explains itself in an opening clause in the following manner: "In 1889, Hartford (Conn.) Seminary opened its doors to women on substantially the same conditions as to men. Two conditions were mainly influential in determining this action: first, the recognition of the actual and possible widening of woman's work in the world; second, the recognition of the need of special training to secure success." Besides the regular theological study which is the same for women as for men, the seminary offers special courses which are fitted to the needs and requirements of women who desire to accomplish the best results in any field of Christian activity. Some of the classes of work especially recommended to women are, first, the field of sociology, second, the field of co-pastoral church work, third, the Sunday school, fourth, the field of missions. A school for church musicians also furnishes excellent opportunities for those who wish to make a thorough study of sacred music. There is a regular course of three years for those who desire to become church musicians, as organists, choir-masters or singers. Two entrance prize scholarships of \$250 each are offered to women, and funds exist by means of which scholarship aid may be received. The seminary certainly offers rare advantages to women who aspire to become deaconesses, missionaries, teachers or church musicians; and all college girls who are theologically inclined would do well to patronize this institution.

In the January *Atlantic* Annie Payson Call in her article "The Greatest Need of College Girls" reminds us again that college girls



have broken down from over-study. If it is true that girls of ordinary physical strength cannot complete the courses of study in our great women's colleges without impairing their health, and if in these colleges there is not sufficient provision made for physical training, then truly the idea of higher education for the majority of women will soon be abandoned; for American women are not going to admit that the work required by the colleges is too rigorous for them to accomplish. We do not deny that many girls have broken down while in college, and for as many different reasons, probably, as there are cases. The most common reason is that the student enters college in a nervous condition, perhaps due to the strain of examinations, and at the outset is unfit for full work. In contrast to this proportion of students we should consider many who enter college, and from the regularity and method of the life there become stronger every year, and at the end of the four years have health and constitutions more rugged than at the beginning. College girls "do not need light, but oculists" to open their eyes to the fact that they may by too great ambition and by neglecting recreation and proper care of themselves, lower the high standard of education which has been established for American women. Bryn Mawr has a most intense spirit of work, but it feels at the same time the responsibility of maintaining a healthful mental atmosphere by sound physique; and therefore it requires for graduation an average of two and one half hours per week of gymnasium practice. This is an example worthy of imitation; and when college girls have once become possessed of the idea of physical as well as mental culture, and most of them are already possessed of it, then their friends need feel no concern for the strong nerves and muscles of the daughters of this land.

F. M. W.

Our prolonged silence on the topic of chapter correspondence is not to be taken as indicative of any great degree of perfection attained by our contributors in the *ars scribendi*, but rather to excessive weariness, on our part, of the subject. But the mass of nondescript letters which came to our table for this issue leads us to believe that a rapid reversion to primitive, original forms of expression is rapidly setting in, or else a brand new set of corresponding editors have recently been elected. Much of the chirography with which we have to struggle would mystify the modern Assyriologist, while even the taciturn red man would grow envious at some of the laconic, disjointed rhetoric which characterizes many of the letters. We try and not be hypercritical in our judgments, but patience

ceases to be a virtue when letters of two hundred words are received, two-thirds of which must be eliminated and the balance rewritten before it goes in types. In future, letters of this character will meet with a waste basket grave, and if any correspondence fails to appear, the reason may be sought and consolation derived from the fact that it was not fit for publication. The only cause attributable to this condition of affairs is that the chapters often elect men of no particular literary attainments to the position, and are careless as to how he performs his duty. Such, we are happy to say, does not apply to all. Many, in fact, are forwarded to the printer without examination; and the majority demand but little alteration. In order that greater uniformity may characterize chapter letters in the future, we would commend the following suggestions to correspondents:

*First.* Endeavor to cultivate a good literary style in your writing and to present your ideas in something more than bald outlines. Facts are wanted, however, and not extended panegyrics of the superior merits of your chapter as compared with the Philistine crowd which compose the chapters Kappa Delta Chi, Alpha Sigma Sigma, or some similar organization. If you cannot say anything good of a rival, keep silent.

*Second.* Endeavor to present those ideas which are likely to interest other chapters of the Fraternity, as well as your alumni readers. The recent success of Bro. Blank in the social sphere, or the color of Bro. X's trousers is of interest to no one but Bro. X. If you have gained *real* honors, state them; we are all interested in your college affairs; any donations or additions to the faculty; the notable deeds of your rivals, or of your own chapter—all these go to compose a good letter. Rise above the prosy and provincial, and, where possible discuss some general fraternity subject.

*Third.* Observe those rules of punctuation and correct English, which are to be found in any work on rhetoric; write on something better than wrapping paper, and endeavor to use but one side. A pen is always to be preferred to a blue pencil—the editor will use the latter. Write *names* legibly—we can guess at the rest. Add class and home address when announcing initiations.

As a parting admonition: Read your letter before the chapter before sending it in for publication; and to the chapter we would add, do not elect the youngest and most inexperienced man in your chapter as corresponding editor.—*Editor Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly.*

The above editorial from a fellow sufferer strikes such responsive chords in our hearts that we feel irresistibly compelled to share it with our readers. We would suggest that these directions be read and studied conscientiously by each chapter at least once every quarter.



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**IN MEMORIAM.**

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, March 1, 1892.

WHEREAS, our sister, Mrs. Julia H. Spear, has been called upon to mourn the loss of her father,

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Lambda Chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta express to the afflicted family, and especially to our friend and sister, Mrs. Spear, our heartfelt sympathy.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Spear and the family, and that they also be published in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA JOURNAL.

MARY BRIGHAM, }  
LILLIAN E. CORSE, } *Committee.*

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UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, March 15, 1892.

WHEREAS, our sister, Mrs. Walter R. Newton, has been called to mourn the loss of her mother,

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Lambda Chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta Society, express to our friend and sister, Mrs. Newton, our heartfelt sympathy.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Newton, and that they be published in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA JOURNAL.

MARY BRIGHAM, }  
LILLIAN CORSE, } *Committee.*

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## CHAPTER LETTERS.

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### Alpha.

**T**HETAS:

The girls of Alpha chapter of our loved fraternity send greeting to their sisters and the best wishes that all the chapters are having the days of prosperity and happiness that are ours.

We celebrated the 27th of January—a day very dear not only to the girls of Alpha, but to Thetas all over the land—for it marks the founding of this most glorious Kappa Alpha Theta—in the most enthusiastic manner, by a banquet.

Our song books were then very new to us, so we sang before we ate and sang between courses, but even the song books were thrown aside so that we might do justice to the delicious things spread before us. The best part came last, however, for after a charming welcome by our toast-mistress, the toasts were given with all the enthusiasm that Thetas felt that night.

One more song, and we parted feeling very near each other and inspired to do more to bring honor to our fraternity. We college girls have good reason to feel very proud this year, since, in spite of the fiery eloquence and burning oratory among the boys, a girl, Miss Jean Nelson, a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma, carried off the honors at the oratorical contest. Theta entertained one afternoon in honor of Miss Nelson, the college girls.

Receptions have been following one another very rapidly lately. Even the freshman class grew bold and gave one the other evening and report all manner of good times.

The sophomore girls entertained the boys of their class on St. Valentine's eve. The number of hearts strewn around on that evening was something alarming; great red hearts on the walls pierced by blue arrows—the class colors. The conversation cards and the favors were of the same shape. At midnight with the final yell, "there never was such a class before as 1894," the merry party broke up.

On February 29, that day so dear to maids, the girls of Ladies' Hall gave a fancy dress party. Seldom does this staid dormitory see such gayety as reigned on that evening. What a motley crowd it was; gallant knights, fierce warriors, jesters, dainty flower girls and pretty Greek maidens! Every one knows the fun that can be had in such a crowd of college people, and this was by no means an exception.



Another event of interest has passed, the Pan-Hellenic. On that night the Greeks met and had a glorious good time, and although the girls were not invited yet we were kindly remembered after the banquet by baskets of all sorts of dainty things to eat.

The Phi Kappa Psi fraternity gave a leap year reception on the last day of February, in their beautiful chapter house, and entertained in their usual charming way.

Three of the girls of last year's senior class have made us little visits lately: Caroline Simpson, Bertha Darnall and Margaret Smith. It was so enjoyable to have them once more with us in the fraternity meeting and talk over old times.

This letter sounds as though we Thetas were having only good times, but believe me, this is only the dessert and our regular food is hard and earnest study, which grows more monotonous these bright spring days.

With kindest wishes,

ALPHA.

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Nu.

HANOVER COLLEGE.

*Dear Theta Sisters:*

We had no letter in the last JOURNAL, so we shall have to tell you of some of our good times last term. The first week last fall Miss Susann Moffett sent out from Madison a wagonette to convey her Theta sisters and their friends to her beautiful summer home, seven miles from Hanover. At the foot of the hill our fairy-like sister met us. She conducted us up the wild and romantic bridle path that leads to her home until we emerged near the top of the hill, where we found hammocks, chairs and cushions and a basket of luscious grapes and peaches awaiting us. We were glad to rest under the shade of the large oaks and elms. Soon we dispersed in groups over the spacious grounds and at one o'clock a delightful lunch was served. At four we started down the hill, a happy and a merry party. Soon after our happy day on the hill-side we initiated into the mystic bonds of Theta three freshmen, Louise Burcham, Theodora McCoy, and Margaret McCoy. Several weeks later Julia McKee went through the trying ordeal. To these were added Janette Culbertson and Nellie Bear, and all these we are proud to introduce to the Theta world. Our freshmen, six strong, are incorrigible. They persist in having impromptu candy pullings,

spreads and the like while the upper classmen stay at home and "dig." However the seniors and juniors are planning revenge.

A leap year party was given by some of the young ladies of the college soon after the holidays at one of our Theta homes. Our girls were well represented and we all had a fine time.

We were so much interested in the last JOURNAL and decided unanimously that it was an exceedingly good number. Among other things we enjoyed the article on "College Girls," but are inclined to take issue with Alpha on a few points.

In one place Alpha says, "Perhaps it is the vast amount of undigested knowledge that makes them just a trifle too knowing and apt to be pert, a lack of reverent ideals and an exaggerated sense of their importance relative to others."

What college girl can live to be a senior and feel herself more than a tiny speck in this great universe? It has been our experience that step by step as we have passed from prep. to freshman, freshman to sophomore and so on from year to year, we feel ourselves less "knowing" and ever more inclined to seek knowledge than to impart it. If a girl is "pert" when she leaves college it seems to us that she has not in the truest sense been a college girl. If she drink deep enough at the fountain of learning, as deep as only college girls can drink, she will not have an undue feeling of superiority. We think Alpha must have been thinking of that occasional girl who sometimes finds her way into college halls, but who does not belong with the real "*college girls*." Is not the type of college girl that one who has been broadened and uplifted by communion with great minds, whom learning has refined and who of all persons has "reverent ideals" and whose greatest ambition on leaving college is to live up to these ideals? And if the college girl be a trifle stiff and seemingly cold, is it not because she lacks contact with the world? But we have taken quite enough of your time and will close with best wishes to all Thetas.

Lovingly,

Nu.

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**Psi.**

206 STATE ST., MADISON, WIS., Feb. 29, 1892.

*Dear Sisters:*

What a day of rejoicing it was when our song books reached us! We had been looking forward so long to the time when we might have all of our songs together, that we hailed their advent with



a shout and devoted a great part of the chapter meeting that day to singing. We were very much pleased with the whole book and the black and gold cover was indeed neat. What fun it is to get together in the parlors of our lodge and sing over dear old Theta songs.

Since the last JOURNAL we have received into our midst three new members, making in all fourteen. The first week of this term we surprised the college world by presenting to their view, adorned with the kite, Mrs. Dugald C. Jackson, the wife of one of our professors of the engineering department of the university. It is the first time that the wife of a member of the faculty has ever been initiated into a fraternity here, and many were the congratulations that we received. Our other new members are Belle Austin, '93, and Leonora O'Connor, '95.

This term has been one filled with gaiety and many delightful entertainments have been given by the different fraternities. Theta has also done her share. January thirtieth we gave an informal charade party at the lodge, about a dozen of our gentleman friends being present. February twelfth Mrs. Jackson entertained us at an afternoon tea and the following Tuesday Juliet Harris, one of our town girls, gave a small dancing party in our honor. But the crowning event of the social season to us, was our reception last Friday evening to about a hundred and fifty of our friends, including members of the faculty, towns people and students; some from all of the fraternities and sororities were invited and a goodly representation of those who are "not of the Greeks."

Never before has a fraternity reception been given here on so broad a basis, and we have received many expressions of approval on our venture. The lodge looked especially pretty, the dining room being decorated entirely in black and gold and lighted by wax candles. We were delighted to have with us at that time Miss Marion Colt, of Iota, now studying art in Chicago, and Mrs. Mitchel, of Beta, now residing at Monroe, Wis. We were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Wing, and Mrs. Buell, all of Iota, and Mrs. Jackson.

But do not think, dear Thetas, that our minds are entirely occupied with these festivities, for they are not. We are all carrying rather heavy work in college and are taking up a literary course outside of our school work. One hour of our chapter meetings is devoted to current literature, besides which we have readings once a week from prominent authors and a short discussion on their lives. One cloud

rests over us all, the knowledge that we will not have Mrs. Smith with us next year, for Professor Smith has accepted a position at Leland Stanford.

I think our Cornell sisters can best sympathize with us in our loss.

With Theta love,

Psi.

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### Alpha Beta.

SWATHMORE COLLEGE, PA.

We are glad to say that our career, thus far, has proved most beneficial. Already we feel broadened by our contact with the fraternity world. And not only do we realize the improvement to be derived by us individually, but we hope, by our influence, to help raise the standard of thought and scholarship at Swathmore. Many of us here are quite young and live simply where we are, but we trust that the introduction of fraternity life will take us beyond our own narrow world.

Ours being the only fraternity among the young women, we have little to contend with, and there is never any haste required in procuring suitable victims. Naturally there is some opposition from the non-fraternity world, and we have been censured on the grounds that there "will be a tendency" to create factions and to arouse party spirit. But as this predicted doom has failed as yet to favor us with its objectionable presence, we have little to fear. And besides, we feel that we are strong to resist the attacks made upon us.

We are at present much interested in furnishing our small sanctum, which, to the outside world, is non-existent. Before the establishment of our chapter we deemed ourselves loaded with work, but it is wonderful what a great amount of time always presents itself when there is something to be done for the "frat."

Dr. Andrew D. White, while on his way to the Stanford University, visited the college on February 9th, and gave a most interesting lecture on "The Consular and Diplomatic Service of the U. S."

On March 4th the young men of one of the Literary Societies gave a mock Republican convention in the assembly hall. It was conducted as nearly as possible like a regular national convention and proved very instructive, arousing, we are glad to say, much enthusiasm and feelings of patriotism in the young women as well as in the young men.

The senior sisters are now deep in their theses. The juniors have



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been bearing for some time the burden of the college annual. The sophomores and freshmen have been writing orations competing for a contest between the two classes. Thus each of us has ever work to do and endeavors to do it faithfully and conscientiously.

With best wishes to all Thetas,

Most lovingly,

ALPHA BETA.

**PERSONALS.**

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**Lambda.**

**M**RS. M. N. Baker, nee' Babbitt, '86, and Misses Chandler, '89, and Bosworth, '91, are in town visiting friends.

Miss June Yale, '90, was with Lambda during the mid-year vacation.

Miss Pearl Abbey, '93, is compelled to be absent from college on account of illness.


The college Y. W. C. A. was represented at the Y. W. C. A. Convention at Schenectady, N. Y., by Misses Landt, '94, and Babbitt, '93.



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EXCHANGES.

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 M. Raimond Baird reckons that, exclusive of ladies' societies, there have been 99,515 persons initiated into the mysteries of the Greek world.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

*Delta Kappa Epsilon's* new catalogue cost \$16,000.

One hundred and fifty-one women have attended the University of Pennsylvania courses within the last ten years.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield*.

To the sentimental, *The Rainbow* should always be welcome. There is nothing in particular in the number at hand to command attention or elicit general interest save the promise that a history of the defunct—absorbed or disintegrated, to suit your taste—W. W. W. fraternity will be begun in the January number of that magazine. It will be read with interest throughout the South.—*Kappa Alpha Journal*.

The Phi Delta Theta has a yell, a flag, a flower and a goddess. The flag consists of three bars, middle white, and the others blue, with emblematic characters on each. The flower is the white carnation. Pallas Athene is the goddess.—*Ex*.

Prof. John L. Brown, author of widely accepted editions of Livy, Ovid and Horace, and who for more than half a century occupied a chair at Brown University, died Oct. 17. Prof. Brown declined the presidency of both Vassar and Colby.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield*.

Associations of college women are the legitimate result of college bred women. The tendency of education is to make people useful, not to make ornaments or cranks. Nothing is more wholesome or more reconciling to the ills of life than the atmosphere surrounding an association of educated men or women, or both. Fraternity people are just the people to make successful organizations after college days. Pan-Hellenism, as it is developing now, looks toward much usefulness from the college fraternity world, which, by the way, is fast becoming populous, and responsibilities correspondingly numerous and important.—*The Arrow*.

A letter from a D. K. E. to the *Journal of Education* contains the

following: The chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity heretofore existing at Harvard has been discontinued, and its charter has been recalled. This official action deprives Harvard of any body of men who have a right to initiate true D. K. E's. \* \* \* Parents or guardians who have thought of having their sons or wards initiated into Delta Kappa Epsilon must send them to some other college or university to enjoy that honor.

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204 of the 365 colleges in the U. S. are co-educational.—*Ex.*

And yet we read in another exchange that President Eliot, of Harvard, is much averse to co-education, and prophesies that this system which is so much in vogue in the West at present, will be radically changed within a few years. In our opinion, "within a few years" President Eliot will come to the conclusion that he is not a lineal descendent of Jeremiah or Isaiah.

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President Harper says that the faculty of the Chicago university will be American, only about six in one hundred coming from abroad, and they will be English scholars.—*Ex.*

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The November number of the *Alpha Phi Quarterly* contains a very interesting and amusing account of the Alpha Phi Convention held at Ithaca, N. Y. The reading of the account brought very vividly to mind our own convention held last July at Burlington, Vt.

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A new regulation at Wellesley is that all who incur conditions will be required to withdraw from outside duties, whether of society, club, class, committee or publication.—*Ex.*

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Zeta Psi is erecting a chapter house at Cornell. Sigma Phi is building a chapter house at Cornell. Delta Upsilon is building a chapter house at Cornell. Phi Gamma Delta has recently occupied chapter houses at the University of Pennsylvania, University of Minnesota, and Colgate University.—*Theta Delta Chi Shield.*

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Sigma Phi has chartered only two chapters since 1858—at Lehigh in 1886 and Cornell in 1890. Her other six chapters are situated at University of Michigan, '58, University of Vermont, '45; Hobart College, '40; Williams College, '34; Hamilton College, '31; and Union, '27. Two chapters are dead, the Princeton Chapter living from '53 to '58 and New York University from '35 to '48.—*Kappa Alpha Journal.*



Vassar is probably the only college that has a fund to be used in giving its students "good times." For several years past a sum has been given the college by a New York gentleman for such a purpose. It is known as the "free money," and when parties of students start for a day at Lake Mohonk or some other of the beautiful places along the Hudson it is the "free money" that turns the wheels.—*Boston Journal*.

The girls' fraternities' "spiking agreement," by which the two larger societies of young ladies agreed to give no propositions until September 14, has been found very beneficial in its results. It would be an excellent plan for college fraternities generally to adopt such a plan in justice to themselves and to the new students. One feature of the girls' spike has amused us considerably. Estelle O. Smith of our chapter has been the recipient of many spiking documents, sent by deluded young ladies, who have been deceived by his feminine-appearing front name.—*De Pauw Correspondence of the Shield, Phi Kappa Psi*.

An editorial in the December number of *K. A. Journal* suggests the following as a way to avoid the evil of rushing:

"Let the fraternities make a treaty, agreeing not to initiate men or to invite men to join until after a certain time in the college year, and that each man asked shall have been a student for at least that length of time. Surely, if the fraternities are in earnest about this, it could be easily arranged. Perhaps a few of the smaller organizations would not agree to it at first, but eventually they would be compelled to, or else lose caste. There is sufficient force in the fraternity press to accomplish such a reform; surely the pens of editors will become warm in advocating it. Already a great many have condemned the practice. It only remains to be seen whether or not words mean anything. We believe that they do."

In the December number of the *Phi Kappa Psi Shield* is a rather breezy article on the "Ethics of the 'Spike.'" We cannot but wonder how much of it would be intelligible to a non-college, or at any rate to a non-fraternity person. The "Greeks" have a language of their own, which cannot be translated with the aid of an ordinary Greek lexicon. This *Modern Greek* might be called "Greek as she is spoke" (by fraternity Greeks.) "Frat.," "a bid," "Barb.," "rushing," "spiking," "pinning," "snap judgment," "horse shedding," "squeaking," "rustlers,"—How many besides fraternity members know the meaning of those expressions, as used by the Greeks of today?

"Barnard is the only college in the country that admits no special students whatever. Every applicant must take the whole examination, which includes both Latin and Greek, and this fact of course has made the entering classes in the first years much smaller than would otherwise have been the case. The fact that there is a college in New York City with such requirements is just beginning to have its effect on the preparatory schools, and the large increase in this year's applicants is the result. Another peculiarity of Barnard is that it is primarily for the girls of New York and its surrounding cities, and thus far every girl has been in her own home. There is, therefore, no dormitory system needed, and none provided. To girls to whom this seems to constitute the essence of college life, that will undoubtedly seem a deprivation; but to us who have never known anything else it seems very delightful to have the separate home and social life and the college life, too."—*The Key*.

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If Phi Psi does not have "headquarters," we may be sure of this, that we shall be behind several other fraternities. Two or three ladies' fraternities will have central stopping places, the arrangements being made by committees arranged for by their national executive committee. Phi Psi should not be outdone by the ladies. If it should seem impracticable to make a kind of "*Home*" for the Phi Psis where they could all stay together as at a hotel, then a suite of commodious rooms, centrally located, should be secured, and a lavender and pink banner with proper inscription should mark the place; while the number and street should be made so familiar to every Phi Psi that many of them would often mistake that address for their own (even in Kansas.)—*Phi Kappa Psi Shield*.

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It has been a source alternately of amusement and annoyance to us during the past year or two, to note the different points of view from which the everlasting woman question has been discussed. Thirty years ago, the topic of universal interest was the emancipation of slaves; today, the world is agitated over the problem of the emancipation of women. The slaves were emancipated; arguing from analogy, the women will be. We long for the time when the struggle shall be over, not so much from an unsatisfied desire to vote for something besides a school board, as for the relief it will afford us, to be able to pick up a daily paper or periodical without being confronted by such head-lines as "To what Kingdom does



Woman belong," "Literary view of Women," "Women as Snobs," "Have Women Brains," "Enlargement of Woman's Sphere," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. Noting the attention now bestowed upon women as a "problem," an observer from another sphere might conjecture that woman was a modern invention displaying great ingenuity on the part of the inventor, whose only mistake had been a failure to definitely explain the use of his contrivance. It is difficult to discover who are most interested in the fight, the men who are afraid the women will be emancipated, or the women who are afraid they won't be.—*Delta Gamma Anchora*.

The following table shows the different state universities with the dates and in the order of their founding:

| STATE.              | DATE. | STATE.             | DATE. |
|---------------------|-------|--------------------|-------|
| Pennsylvania.....   | 1755  | Louisiana .....    | 1853  |
| North Carolina..... | 1789  | Kentucky.....      | 1858  |
| Vermont.....        | 1791  | Kansas.....        | 1861  |
| Tennessee.....      | 1794  | West Virginia..... | 1867  |
| Georgia.....        | 1801  | Illinois.....      | 1868  |
| South Carolina..... | 1801  | Arkansas.....      | 1868  |
| Ohio.....           | 1804  | Minnesota.....     | 1868  |
| Virginia.....       | 1825  | California.....    | 1869  |
| Indiana.....        | 1828  | Nebraska.....      | 1869  |
| Alabama.....        | 1831  | Nevada.....        | 1874  |
| Delaware.....       | 1833  | Colorado.....      | 1875  |
| Michigan.....       | 1837  | Oregon.....        | 1876  |
| Missouri.....       | 1839  | Texas.....         | 1881  |
| Iowa.....           | 1847  | Florida.....       | 1883  |
| Mississippi.....    | 1848  | Dakota.....        | 1883  |
| Wisconsin.....      | 1848  | Montana.....       | 1884  |

—*Mail and Express*.

### An Elective Course.

LINES FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE.

The bloom that lies on Fanny's cheek  
 Is all my Latin, all my Greek;  
 The only sciences I know  
 Are frowns that gloom and smiles that glow;  
 Siberia and Italy  
 Lie in her sweet geography;  
 No scholarship have I but such  
 As teaches me to love her much.

Why should I strive to read the skies,  
Who know the midnight of her eyes?  
No star that swims within the scope  
Of Pickering's best telescope  
Ever reveals so much as when  
She stares and droops her eyes again.  
Graybeards, who seek to bridge the chasm  
'Twixt man today and protoplasm,  
How trivial your aims appear!  
Enough for me that Fanny's here.

Linnæus, avaunt! I only care  
To know what flower she wants to wear.  
I leave it to the addle-pated  
To guess how pinks originated.  
As if it mattered! The chief thing  
Is that we have them in the spring,  
And Fannie likes them. When they come,  
I straightway go and purchase some.  
"The Origin of Plants"—go to!  
Their proper end *I* have in view.

O loveliest book that ever man  
Looked into since the world began  
Is Woman! As I turn those pages,  
As fresh as in the the primal ages,  
As day by day I scan, perplexed,  
The ever subtly changing text,  
I feel that I am slowly growing  
To think no other book worth knowing.  
And in my copy, one of many  
(*Edition de luxe* called Fanny,)  
I find no thing set down but such  
As teaches me to love it much.

—Ex.



## INITIATION RETURNS.

## ALPHA.

Mintie Allen.  
 Daisy Mikels.  
 Alta Dale.  
 Florence Line.  
 Florence Young.  
 Margaret Jordan.  
 Mattie Harvey.  
 Grace Smith.  
 Jennie Meharry.  
 Mary Polk.  
 Emma Roehl.  
 Dade Slavins.  
 Elenor Morse.  
 Grace Birch.  
 Flora Bridges.  
 Grace Carter.  
 Nellie Clearwaters.  
 Nellie Town.  
 Blanche Basye.  
 Daisy Sims.  
 Ella Marsh.

## BETA.

Alice Green, New Albany, Ind.  
 Lula Vandasaar, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Nannie McMahon, Huntingburg, Ind.  
 Wi la McMahon, "  
 Eleanor Dagget, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Anna Carter, "  
 Ethel Rondthaler, "  
 Mary Ardery, Greensburg, Ind.  
 Jennie Wylie, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Lottie Kn -x, Brooklyn, Ind.  
 Emma Wilson, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Edna Fields, "  
 Lulla McCulloch, Paris, Ill.  
 Maim McCulloch, "  
 Erla Hittle, Richmond, Ind.  
 Helen Van Uxem, "  
 Elizabeth Kidder, "  
 Rhoda Ballinger, New Castle, Ind.  
 Stella Hague, Auburn, Ind.  
 Maggie Strong, Paxton, Ill.  
 Sallie E. Cotton, New Castle, Ind.  
 Margaret Todd, Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Margaret Roberts, "  
 Mina Bond, "  
 Mabel Folsom, "  
 Pearl Grimes, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Fannie Watson, Crawfordsville, Ind.  
 Daisy Lowder, Bloomington, Ind.  
 Mattie Ripple, Warsaw, Ind.  
 Georgia Byer, New Castle, Ind.

## DELTA.

Cora Wamsley.  
 Ella Morse.  
 Ada Brewer.  
 Laura Pease.  
 Maud Keller.  
 Stella Jones.  
 Louise Ludden.  
 Carrie Rives.  
 Brittie Kincaid.  
 Olive Nichols.  
 Grace Stillwell.  
 Bedie McNaught.  
 Addie Doyle.  
 Lelia Means.

Eva Colby.  
 Lelia Smith.  
 Ella Caldwell.

## IOTA.

'95, May G. Cummings, 3514 Olive St.,  
 St. Louis, Mo.  
 Grace L. Dodge, (special) 81 Howe St.,  
 Rondout, N. Y.  
 '95, Margaret Boynton, Lockport, N. Y.  
 '94, Clara E. Schanton, Brockport, N. Y.  
 '94, Cora Smith, 3 Quarry St., Ithaca,  
 N. Y.  
 '93, Anna F. Barret, Albion, N. Y.

## KAPPA.

Marcella Howland, initiated Oct. '90.  
 Jessamind Howell, " Oct. '90.  
 Kate Riggs, " Jan. '91.  
 Bessie Hand, " Jan. '91.  
 Winifred Churchill, " Mar. '91.  
 Rilla Van Hoesen, " Mar. '91.  
 Maude Swelser.  
 Annie Wilder.  
 Madge Schaum.

## MU.

'94, Elva L. Bascom, Meadville, Penn.,  
 Initiated '90.  
 '95, Clara Campbell, Kane, Penn.,  
 Initiated '91.  
 '95, Millicent M. Davis, North Bloom-  
 field, Ohio, Initiated '91.  
 '94, Eva B. Dickson, Blooming Valley,  
 Penn., Initiated '91.  
 '94, Amanda Edson, Meadville, Penn.,  
 Initiated '90.  
 '92, Julia A. Edson, Meadville, Penn.,  
 Initiated '90.  
 '94, Jessie Edwards, Steubenville, Ohio,  
 Initiated '90, left college '91.  
 '95, Vena Fenno, Mill Village, Penn.,  
 Initiated '91.  
 '95, Ella A. Howells, Kane, Penn.,  
 Initiated '91.  
 '94, Maude M. Johnson, West Middle-  
 sex, Penn., Initiated '90.  
 '94, Myrna C. Langley, Edinboro' Penn.,  
 Initiated '91.  
 '95, Emma Lockhart, Meadville, Penn.,  
 Initiated '91.

## TAU.

'94, Edith M. Cruver, 696 Walnut St.,  
 Chi ago, Ill.  
 '94, Josephine Fitch, 728 Chicago Ave.,  
 Evanston, Ill.  
 '94, Ella B. Gary, Wheaton, Ill.  
 '94, Eva J. Lee, Fremont, Neb.  
 '94, Lucy D. Sheldon, 334 Maple Ave.,  
 Evanston, Ill.  
 '94, Nellie M. Stephens, Moline, Ill.  
 '95, Ethelyn Emery, Bryan, Ohio.  
 '95, Jessie K. Phillips, Menominee, Mich.  
 '95, Grace Reade, 1004 Greenwood Bld.,  
 Evanston, Ill.  
 '95, Lily Rice, Aurora, Ill.  
 '95, Lois Rice, Aurora, Ill.  
 '95, Anna Von Tressler, Bryan, Ohio.  
 '95, Mabel Welton, Cambridge, Ill.  
 '95, Mae Wilcox, Champaign, Ill.

'95, Helene Nelson, Des Moines, Iowa.  
CHI.

Mary S. Loomis, Lansingburg, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90, student in class of '91.

Carro J. Cummings, Buffalo, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90, student in class of '94.

'94, Frances M. Gregory, Buffalo, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90.

'94, Edith H. Gates, Livonia, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90.

'94, May L. Lowell, Syracuse, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90.

'94, Lizzie L. Lowell, Syracuse, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90.

'94, Fannie A. Osborne, Buffalo, N. Y.,  
Initiated '90.

'94, Myrtle E. Thomson, Batavia, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'94, A. Estelle Toran, East Creek, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'94, Lila A. Davis, Livonia, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'95, Jennie Folkey, Deposit, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'95, Florence M. George, Rome, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'95, Nellie Hoffman, Deposit, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'95, Nina H. Paxson, Springville, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

'95, Laura I. Stone, Le Roy, N. Y.,  
Initiated '91.

#### PSI.

Grace Elizabeth Johnson.  
Genevieve Pugh.

Mae Evans.

Minnie Margaret Stiles.

Anna Mary Strong.

Dol y Radford.

Daisy Chadwick.

Helen Julia Kellogg.

Juliet Parker Harris.

Nellie Margaret Wright.

Clelia Duell Mosher.